

198

THE NEW
British Songster,
OR, A COMPLETE
VOCAL POCKET COMPANION,
BEING
A COLLECTION
of
THE LATEST AND MOST-APPROVED
SONGS:

Including all the Vocal Pieces of Merit sung at the THEATRES,
and other Places of

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS,

—♦♦—
"BIRTH ADMIT ME OF THY CREW." *2000*
—♦♦—

EMBELLISHED WITH AN
Elegant Engraved Frontispiece.

—♦♦♦♦♦—
Manchester.

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—♦—
Price only Nine-pence.



THE NEW
British Songster,

FROM THE
CHOICEST AUTHORS.

NED MIZEN, or the four Engagements,

*Sung by Mr. Girton, in the Heroes of the Sea, at the
Amphi-theatre, Westminster Bridge.*

COME hasten my hearties to true loyal Ned,
A tar from the stem to the stern;
And that I've been rock'd on *Davy's* rough bed,
By my ~~men~~ you may clearly discern.
In ~~your~~ gallant actions my lot was to fight,
And damme they dane'd to some tune,
For the ~~star~~ of a sailor was never more bright,
Than once on the first day of June;
But come hoâ, awast, and with boasting have done.
Such nonsense I must not allow;
Tho' d'ye see, it was *glory*, mayhap that we won,
When the *French* struck their flag to Lord Howe.

The

The next time the *shot* on all sides round me flew
 Was with the proud *Dons* in dispute,
 And off Cape St. *Vincent* we said, "how d'y'e do"
 And tipt them an *English* salute:
 Their fleet *twenty-seven*—and those of the line,
 Made our *fifteen* at first to look small;
 But think not that *this* made our tars to repine,
 P'ha, damme 'twas nothing at all:
 The signal once giv'n our guns fir'd away,
 And soon did the *victory* thew,
 And each *British Tar* with *Ned Mixen* can say,
 Brave *Jarvis* the *Spaniards* laid low.

The third time I *fought*, why it was with the *Dutch*
 And I think it was near *Camperdown*,
 And then to be sure I may say as much,
 We boys brush'd up some little renown:
Ship to ship we lay to, aye, and *fought man to man*,
 Each *Briton* a match for *Mynheer*;
 For to die or to conquer was always our plan,
 And *thus* we again made appear:
 For tho' from the *Texel* they somehow *slipp'd* out
 In hopes at *Brest* harbour to touch,
 Why, d'y'e see, they knew *not* what our spies
 were about,
 For old *Duncan* did over the *Dutch*.

Now rak'd fore and aft by a splinter or so,
 Yet my *timbers* were still tight and *sound*,
 And so I again on the *look-out* must go,
 To see if the *French* could be *found*:
 At length it so happen'd they hove within sight,
 Which made ev'ry *sailor* to smile,
 For, d'y'e see, it was when we commenc'd the *last*
fight,
 Lord bless ye, the mouth of the Nile.
 To say what we did—it won't become me,
 'Tis enough that we *fought* as *before*;
 And the *French*, as I think, if they're *wise* d'y'e
 Will engage with Lord *Nelson* no more. [lee
 JACK

7
JACK OF GREENWICH.

WE tars are all for fun and glee,
A hornpipe was my notion;
Time was I'd dance with any he,
That sails the salt sea ocean:
I'd tip the roll, the slide, the reel,
Back, forwards, in the middle;
And toast the pig, and toe and heel,
All going with the fiddle.
One day took down my gun to man,
To keep off two foes advancing,
A splinter queer'd my labour'd gam,
And damn me spoil'd my dancing.

Well I'm says I a churlish elf,
We mefsmates be all brothers;
If I can have no fun myself,
I may make fun for others.
A fiddle soon I made my own,
That girls and tars might caper,
Learnt Ruie Britannia, Bobbing Jone,
And grew a decent scraper;
But just as I'd the knack on't got,
And did it pretty middling,
I lost my elbow by a shot,
And damn me spoil'd my fiddling.

The next I took to taking snuff,
'Case all my sorrows doubl'd,
And pretty pastime 'twas enough
D'ye see when I was troubled:
But fortune, that mischievous elf,
Still had some fun or other;
Not that I minds it for myself,
But just for Poll and mother.
One day while on the larboard deck,
To keep two spangling foes off,
A broadside comes, capsize Jack,
And damn me knocks my nose off.

Now

Now sometimes as I turn my quid,
 I got a knack of thinking,
 That I should be an invalid,
 And then I took to drinking;
 One day took up the can to man,
 To tip it without gravy,
 I gave three cheers, and took the can,
 To drink the British Navy,
 But before a single drop I sip'd,
 Or got it to my muzzle,
 A langrel off my daddle whipp'd,
 And damn me spoil'd my guzzle.

Now in misfortune's school grown tough,
 In that same sort of knowledge,
 Thinking mayhaps I'd got enough,
 They sent me here to college;
 And here we tell old tales and smokes,
 And laugh while we are drinking,
 For sailors you know will have their jokes,
 Even tho' the ship was sinking:
 For while I get my grog to drink,
 My wife, or friend, or king is,
 'Twill be no easy thing I think,
 Damn me to spoil my singing.

MEG OF WAPPING.

IT was landlady Meg who made such rare flip,
 Pull away, pull away, my hearties;
 At Wapping she liv'd at the sign of the ship,
 Where tars met in such jolly parties,
 She'd shine at the play and gig at the ball,
 All rigg'd out so gay and so topping.
 She married six husband and buried them all,
 Pull away, pull away, pull away, pull I say,
 What d'ye think of the merry Meg of Wapping?
 The

The first was old Bluff, with a winging large purse

Pull away, pull away, jolly boys,

He was cast away says Meg, and who cares a
curse,

For grieving why Lord that's a folly boys;

The next in command was blear ey'd Ned,

As the surgeon his limb was a lopping,

A nine pounder came and it smack'd off his head

Pull away, &c.

Rare news for the merry Meg of Wapping.

Then she married Sam, but Sammy lov'd a sup,

Pull away, pull away brother,

So groggy Sammy got, the ship it blew up,

And Meg had to look for another;

The next was bold Ben who at danger would
smile,

'Till his courage a crocodile stopping,

Made his breakfast of Ben on the banks of the
Nile,

Pull away, &c.

What a fortunate merry Meg of Wapping.

Stay who was the fifth? it was bonny Dick so
neat,

Pull away, pull away so merry,

But the savages Dicky both kill'd and eat;

Then Meg she was forc'd to take Jerry,

Death again stood her friend, for kill'd in a fray,

He also the grave chanc'd to pop in;

So now with my song I shall quickly belay,

Pull away, &c.

The six husbands of merry Meg of Wapping.

But I did not tell you how she married seven,

Pull away, pull away so neatly,

It was honest Tom Trip, and he sent her to
heaven,

And her strong box he rumag'd so sweetly,

For Meg growing old, a fond dotard prov'd,

And

And after a boy needs be hopping,
 She pop't off, and Tom, with the girl that he lov'd
 Pull away, &c.
 Spent the shiners of merry Meg of Wapping.

LAND IN THE OCEAN.

TUNE—"Meg of Wapping."

IN the midst of the sea like a tough man of war,
 Pull away, pull away, ye ho there!
 Stands an island surpassing all others by far,
 If you doubt it, you've only to go there:
 By Neptune 'twas built upon Freedom's firm
 base,
 And for ever 'twill last, I've a notion;
 All the world I defy to produce such a place,
 Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,
 As the snug bit of land in the ocean.

From the opposite shore, puff'd with arrogant
 pride,
 Pull away, pull away, so clever,
 They have oft sworn as how they would come
 along side,
 And destroy the poor island for ever;
 But Britannia is made of such durable stuff,
 And so tightly she's rigg'd, I've a notion;
 She'd soon give the saucy invaders enough,
 Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,
 If they touch'd at the land in the ocean,

There was *Howe*, ever bold in the glorious cause
 Pull away, pull away, so stout, boys!
 Who gain'd on the first day of June such ap-
 plause,
 And Monsieur he put to the rout, boys:
 The next was *St. Vincent*, who kick'd up a dust,
 As

As the Spaniards can tell, I've a notion !
 For, they swore not to strike,—says he, *Dam'me*
 but you must,
 Pull away, &c.
 To the lads of the land in the ocean.

Admiral *Duncan* came next, 'twas in Autumn
 you know,
 Pull away, pull away, so jolly ;
 That he made big Mynheer strike his flag to a foe
 Against whom all resistance was folly ;
 And they sent, as you know, if you're not quite
 a dunce,
 But a sad story home, I've a notion ;
 How *Duncan* he beat a whole *Winter* at once,
 Pull away, &c.
 What d'ye think of the land in the ocean ?

Now the Frenchmen again have come in for
 their share,
 Pull away, pull away, so hearty !
 For, *Nelson*, has set all the world in a stare,
 And land-lock'd e'en great *Buonaparte* :
 And we'll beat them again, should their stomachs
 incline,
 But they're all pretty sick, I've a notion ;
 Then may victory's sword to the olive resign,
 Pull away, &c.
 And *Peace* crown the land in the ocean.



THE PICTURE OF LONDON.

Sung by Mr. Munden, in St. David's Day.

FOR London is like a mill going round,
 Still noisy and ever in motion,
 Where wheels within wheels, hurry, bustle, and
 sound,

Resolve

Resolve like the waves of the ocean,
 Where foolish and wise, rich and poor herd to-
 gether,
 Where fortunes are made, and men undone,
 Where money and wit are exchang'd for each
 other,
 And this is the picture of London.

Kings, poets, and statesmen, queens, counsel-
 lers, clients,
 In Westminster Abbey lie snugly,
 There's St. Paul's and Guildhall, where you'd
 like the two giants,
 If they were not so monstrously ugly.
 Then there's grand courts of law, and of equi-
 ty too,
 If in either you chuse to be undone;
 For one with the other has nothing to do,
 In the very find city of London.

There's the parliament-house and the tower so
 strong,
 The monument reckon'd so high too,
 That if it were only as broad as it's long,
 Such a building you never came nigh to,
 There's great folks, and small folks, and short
 folks, and tall folks,
 In short there's a vast deal of fun done,
 There's pleasure and pain, quite sufficient for
 all folks,
 Who visit the city of London.

—O—

DICK THE DUSTMAN.

I'M dashing Dick the dustman,
 None my calling can degrade,
 For I am not the first man
 Who has driv'n a dirty trade:—

Dust

Dust, oh! dust, oh! I rings my bell and cries,
 My tricks if you would know them,
 Pretty early you must rise;
 For watch me still,
 Howe'er you will,
 I bears off many a prize,
 And if I wants to blind 'em,
 I throws dust in their eyes.

Why, what's your man of honor?
 And what's your madam fame?
 A jilt when he has won her,
 That proves a dirty name;
 Victory! victory! he draws his sword and cries
 In the midst of slaughter find him,
 See where the savage flies!
 He spares no life,
 Nor friend nor wife,
 Where'er he finds a prize,
 'Till death at last to blind him,
 Throws dust into his eyes.

The lawyer, the physician,
 And e'en the learn'd divine,
 Each drives in his condition,
 As black a trade as mine.
 Fees oh! fees oh! each draws his purse & cries
 Their conscience can't bind 'em,
 The wretched patient dies.
 All prayers fail,
 And in a jail,
 The ruin'd client lies,
 Unless you throw to blind 'em,
 Gold dust into their eyes.

And so d'ye see men bustle,
 To see who's dirty first,
 And one another hustle,
 And all to raise the dust.

Dust

Dust oh! dust oh! each draws his purse & cries
 And whom old Nick behind him
 Will take, to mount up, tries:
 All scrambling go,
 From Friend to foe,
 To bear away some prize,
 And each throws dust to blind him,
 Plump in his neighbours eyes.

THE YOUNG RAKE.

Sung by Mr. Bates, at the Theatre Manchester.

WHEN I've money I am merry,
 When I've none I'm very sad,
 When I'm sober I am civil,
 But when I'm drunk I'm roaring mad.

*Ri fol da doodle um,
 Likewise toodle teedle um,
 Not forgetting toothereye,
 And also fol da doodle um.—*

When disputing with a puppy,
 I convince him with a rap,
 And when romping with a girl,
 By accident I tear her cap.
Ri fol da doodle um, &c.

There's a maiden in a corner,
 Round and sound and plump and fat,
 She and I drink tea together,
 But no matter, fir, for that.
Ri fol da doodle um, &c.

Now if this maiden prove with barn,
 As I do suppose she be,
 Then like good daddy I must learn,
 To dandle Jacky on my knee.
Ri fol da doodle um, &c.

STORMY

STORMY WINDS DO BLOW.

YE gentlemen of England, who live at home
at ease,

Ah! little do ye think of the dangers of the seas
Give ear unto the mariners, and they will plain-
ly show

All the cares,
And the fears,
And the stormy winds do blow.

In claps of roaring thunder, which darkness do
enforce,

We often find our ships to stray beyond our
wonted course,

Which causeth great distraction, and sinks our
hearts full low:

'Tis in vain,
To complain,
When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us, when England is at war,
With any foreign nation, we fear no wounds or
scars;

Our roaring guns shall teach them our valour
for to know,

Whilst they reel,
On the keel,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage, all brave mariners, and never be
afraid,

When we have bold adventurers, we ne'er shall
want trade,

Our merchants will employ us to bring them
wealth, we know;

Then be bold,
Work for gold.
When the stormy winds do blow.

DROLL

DROLL LITTLE CREATURE.

*Sung by Mr. Blackmore, at the Royal Circus, in the
Magic Flute.*

WHEN dry first, a droll little creature,
They made me sip tea with my mother;
And I thought it a treat,
If small beer I could get,
To drink with my elder brother.

Toll de roll, &c.

But my father condemn'd this practice,
So hector'd and swore like mad.—He
Bawl'd out "Give him ale,
"For that will ne'er fail,
"To make him as stout as his daddy."

Toll de roll, &c.

From beer to good wine I ascended,
By a series of just gradation,
Till friends did me jog,
With "There's a jolly dog!
"Shall tope with the best in the nation!"

Toll de roll, &c.

With bold bucks then I got acquainted,
At their clubs, too, prov'd wond'rous handy;
I learn'd loud to swear,
Like a tall grenadier,
And always drank rum or brandy.

Toll de roll, &c.

But considering all things, earthly,
And life, like myself, very short is,
'Tis the long odds, I think,
In a short time I drink,
Aqua vitæ and aqua fortis, &c.

Toll de roll, &c.

DIE

DIE AN OLD MAID.

WHEN I liv'd with my granam on yon little
green,

As good an old woman as ever was seen ;
She oft read me lectures of prudence and care,
And bid me, of all things, of men to beware ;
Said she, they will flatter, and lie, and deceive,
And you are lost, my dear Rose, if you dare to
believe :

I thought it was strange, and indeed, was afraid
It would be my hard fortune to die an old maid.

I met with young colin one night in the grove,
He talk'd of the joys and the pleasures of love.
But my grandmother's lectures so ran in my head
That I could not attend to a word that he said :
Thought I, what a fuss the old women all make,
I think in my heart they must make a mistake ;
For if ev'ry young girl of the men were afraid,
Why my granam herself would have been an
old maid.

The next time young Colin his courtship renew'd
I candidly own'd that my heart was subdu'd ;
He swore that he lov'd me as dear as his life,
And if I'd consent he'd make me his wife :
Then begg'd the next morn I'd his wishes fulfil,
Says I, e'en let grandmother scold as she will ;
Of so gentle a twain I shall ne'er be afraid,
And its better to marry than die an old maid.



IRISH NEWSMAN.

YOU May sing of your waggoners, ploughboys
and watchmen,
Your lamplighters, sailors, and pedling jews,
For mine's the best trade, you're sure for to
catch men,

Rich,

Rich, poor, old, and ugly, all reading the news,
While round, with my papers straight forward
I'm going,

My maless they find me employment enough,
So we make out the business with puffing and
blowing,

My horn's after blowing whatever I puff,

*And between us both we contrive to sing,
Botheroo! ditheroo! merry and frisky,
My horn always made as much noise as it could,
For as sure as dear Dublin's the country for whiskey
It must be an ill wind that blows nobody good.*

If our oracle ever should fail 'tis no wonder,
The times are complain'd of as not always right
And sometimes the sun just by way of a blunder
She sets in the morning and rises at night;
Then 't would puzzle your worships my plan to
unlock it,

How often I travel regardless of harm,
With the star in my fist, and the world in my
pocket,

And I carry a telegraph under my arm.

*And then d'ye see I'm like the Public Leger, open
to all parties and influenc'd by none, and that's the
way I contrive to sing botheroo, &c.*

Then I've all the agreeable news of the nation,
Your battles and murders and such pretty jokes
Wid your parliament speeches—och, botheration
And the neat little things that are done by great
folks,

Then I lump every accident, death, or promo-
tion,

Your tragedies, comedies, all in a string,
For wedlock and hanging, some have a notion,
That one noise or t'other is just the same thing.

And

*And by my conscience I think so myself, for a man
had better be tuck'd up at once, than plagu'd with a
perpetual--botheroo, ditheroo, &c.*

—4—0—3—

THE RAFT,

Or French Arrears Liquidated.

AS Neptune in his coral bow'r,
Pass'd t' other day a vacant hour,
Discour'ing with his wench;
TRITY, (says he) the news above
Will make you laugh your fill my love,
At those mad folks the French.

They fain Old England would invade,
But of the means are much afraid,
Though of the project fond;
Amidst their visionary schemes,
They find it difficult it seems,
“*To cross the herring pond.*”

'T would be an awkward thing to meet,
Half way with BRIDPORT and his fleet—
“*Burnt children dread the fire;*”
'T is ten to one but dire mischance
Would happen to the ships of France
From one so full of ire.

They therefore thought on some balloon,
A little smaller than the moon,
To sail aloft in air;
But from the scarcity of gas,
Or cash to purchase it—Alas!
The scheme wou'd never bear.

They next propos'd all hands to creep,
Through a long cave beneath the deep,
And undermine our floor;

But

But fearing mischief over head,
This deep-laid scheme no better sped
Than t' did before.

At length, two men of wond'rous craft
Have orders to construct a *raft*,
As wide as *Hounslow Heath*;
From which their army one and all,
Are sworn to land 'twixt Spring and Fall,
In spite of JOHN BULL's teeth.

Their cash subscribers will be paid
With int'rest when the landing's made!
And have it in a lump;
As ev'ry man on board the *Faßt*
Will in his pocket, bring a *Draft*
At fight—"on *Aldgate pump*."

"I never heard of such a scheme,
(Say AMPHITRITE): sure you dream;
They'll all be food for fish:
"They will be so (you Jade) I grant,
That's just what *the Directory* want,
The very thing they wish."

They then no more will feel dismay
About their army and its pay,
But banish all their fears:
For when the *Raft* is overset,
It pays at once the Public Debt,
And liquidates Arrears!



DICKEY GOSSIP'S THE MAN.

*Sung by Mr. Penson, in the Entertainment of
My Grandmother.*

WHEN I was a youngster I first was apprentic'd
Unto a gay barber, so dapper and airy,
I next

I next was a carpenter, then turn'd a dentist,
Then a tailor good lord, then an apothecary.

CHORUS.

*But for this trade or that,
They all come as flat
As they can;
For shaving and tooth drawing,
Bleeding, cabbaging, and sawing,
Dicky Gossip's the man.*

The' taylor and dentist but awkwardly tether,
In both the vocations I still have my savings,
And two of my trades couple rarely together,
For barber & carpenter both deal in shavings
But for this trade or that, &c.

But blunders will happen in callings so various,
I fancy they happen to some who are prouder
I once gave a patient, whose health was pre-
carious,
A terrible dose of my best shaving powder.
But for this trade or that, &c.



True Courage;

OR,

BUSTLING BOB BOUNCE.

Why what's that to you, if my eyes I'm a wip-
ing,

A tear is a pleasure, d'ye see, in its way,
'Tis nonsense, for trifles, I own, to be piping,
But they that ha'nt pity, why I pities they:
Says the captain, says he, I shall never forget it,
If of courage you'd know lads the true from
the sham,

'Tis a furious lion in battle, so let it,
But duty appears'd, 'tis in mercy a lamb.

There

There was bustling Bob Bounce, for the old one
not caring,

Helter skelter to work, pelt away, cut and
drive,

Swearing he, for his part, had no notion of spar-
ing,

And as for a foe, why he'd eat him alive;

But when that he'd found an old prisoner he'd
wounded,

That once sav'd his life as near drowning he
swam,

The lion was tam'd, and with pity confounded,
He cried over him just all as one as a lamb.

That my friend Jack or Tom I would rescue from
danger,

Or lay my life down for each lad in the mess,
Is nothing at all, 'tis the poor wounded stranger,

And the poorer the more I shall succour distress;

For however their duty bold tars may delight in,

And peril defy as a bugbear a sham,

Though a lion may feel furly pleasure in fighting

He'll feel more by compassion when turn'd to a
lamb.

The heart and the eyes, you see, feel the same
motion,

And if both shed their drops 'tis all to the
same end,

And thus 'tis that every tight lad on the ocean,

Sheds his blood for his country his tears for
his friend,

If my maxim's disease, 'tis disease I shall die on,

You may snigger and titter, I don't care a
damn!

In me let the foe seek the paw of a lion.

But the battle once ended the heart of a lamb



CRAZY JANE.

WHY, fair maid in every feature,
Are such signs of fear express'd?

Can a wand'ring, wretched creature,
 With such terror fill thy breast?
 Do my frenzied looks alarm thee?
 Trust me, sweet, thy tears are vain,
 Not for kingdoms would I harm thee,
 Shun not then poor Crazy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish?
 Mark me, and avoid my woe,
 When men flatter, sigh, and languish,
 Think them false—I found them so;
 For I lov'd, oh! so sincerely
 None could ever love again;
 But the youth I lov'd so dearly
 Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

Fondly my fond heart receiv'd him,
 Which was doom'd to love but one—
 He sigh'd, he vow'd, I believ'd him,
 He was false and I undone;
 From that hour has reason never
 Held her empire o'er my brain,
 Henry fled—with him for ever,
 Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

Now forlorn and broken hearted,
 And with frenzied thoughts beset,
 On that spot where last we parted—
 On that spot when first we met,
 Still I sing my love-lawn ditty—
 Still I slowly pace the plain,
 Whilst each passer-by with pity
 Cries—"God help thee Crazy Jane."



DEATH OF CRAZY JANE.

O'ER the gloomy woods resounding,
 Far, far from the joyless vale,
 Deep the heavy death-bell sounding,

Tolls a luckless maiden's knell !
 Nearer on the low wind floating,
 Sweetly flows the tuneful strain :
 Pity's choir the dirge devoting
 To the shade of Crazy Jane.

In the groves where erst her ditty,
 Wild and loud the mourner rais'd,
 While the virgins, mov'd with pity,
 Wept to find poor Jane was craz'd !
 In that grove, in plaintive numbers,
 Slowly falls the solemn strain,
 Where the hapless maiden slumbers,
 There in peace rests Crazy Jane.

In that grove where Henry left her,
 Bleeding with love's cruel smart,
 When despair of sense bereft her,
 When affliction broke her heart ;
 In that grove forbear to languish,
 Gentle virgins cease the strain—
 Death has lull'd from grief and anguish,
 Love's sad victim, Crazy Jane.



SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

A DIEU, adieu, my only life,
 My honour calls me from thee;
 Remember thou'rt a soldier's wife,
 Those tears but ill become thee.
 What tho' by duty I am call'd
 Where thund'ring cannons rattle;
 Where valour's self might stand appall'd,
 Where valour's self might stand appall'd,
 When on the wings of thy dear love,

To heaven above thy fervent oraisons are flown ;
 The tender pray'r thou put'st up there
 Shall call a guardian angel down,

Shall

Shall call a guardian angel down,
 To watch me in the battle.
 My safety thy fair truth shall be,
 As sword and buckler serving,
 My life shall be more dear to me,
 Because of thy preserving.
 Let peril come, let horror threat,
 Let thund'ring cannons rattle,
 I fearless seek the conflict's heat,
 Assur'd when on the wings of love,
 To heaven above, &c.

Enough,—with that benignant smile
 Some kindred god inspir'd thee,
 Who saw thy bosom void of guile,
 Who wonder'd and admir'd thee;
 I go,—assur'd,—my life! adieu,
 Tho' thund'ring cannons rattle,
 Tho' murd'ring carnage stalk in view,
 When on the wings of my true love,
 To heaven above, &c.



MURPHY DELANY,

A favourite Comic Song, sung by Mr. Johannat, at the New Circus, Chatham-street, Manchester, with universal applause.

It was Murphy Delany so funny and frisky,
 Popp'd in a Sheebeen Shop to get his skin full
 And reel'd out again pretty well lin'd with
 wilkey,
 So fresh as a Shamrock so blind as a bull;
 But a trifling accident happened our rover,
 Who took the Quay side for the floor of his
 shed,
 And the keel of a coal barge he just tumbled over
 And thought all the time he was going to bed
And sing fillabo, bubbabo, whack botheration,
Ev'ry man in his humour as Kate kiss'd the pig
 B Some

Some folks passing by pull'd him out of the river
 And got a horse doctor his sickness to mend,
 Who swore that poor pat was no longer a liver,
 But dead as the devil and there was an end ;
 So they sent for the coronor's jury to try him,
 But Pat not half liking their comical strife,
 Fell to twisting and turning the while they sat
 by him,
 And came (when he thought it convenient)
 to life.

Sing fillalloo, &c.

Says Pat to the jury, your worships an't please
 you,

I don't think I'm dead so what is't you do?
 No dead said the foreman! you Shallpeen be
 easy,

Do you think don't the doctor know better
 than you ;

So then they went on with the business farther,
 Examined the doctor about his belief,
 Then brought poor Delany in guilty of murder,
 And swore they would hang him in spite of
 his teeth.

Sing fillalloo, &c.

But Paddy clinch'd hold of a clumsy shelay,
 And laid on the doctor who stiff as a post,
 Still swore that it could not be Murphy Delany,
 But was something alive and so must be a ghost;
 The Jury began then with fear to survey him
 While he like the devil about him did lay,
 So they went out of hand for a Clargy to lay him
 But Pat laid the Clargy and then ran away.



THE WAITER.

AT the very best of houses, where the best of
 people dine,

And

And the very best of eatables they cater,
Give the very best of spirits and decant the best
of wine,

I attend as a very merry waiter.

Then a table-cloth can spread, neat decant my
white and red,

Manage matters to a charm, and with napkin
under arm.

Can a skinflint, or jolly fellow tell whether
they'll come down,

Gold, a tilley, or a crown, so treats 'em as I
find 'em ill or well.

*And when noisy, roaring, drumming, tingling, ring-
ling, I cries coming, coming, coming, coming com-
ing, coming, coming, coming; going in, madam,
coming up, sir, damn the bells they're all ringing at
once.*

In the very best of meetings, why I always likes
to share,

Whole bottles, sometimes broke, why then I
snack it:

In that I'm quite at home, so it travels you know
where,

Sally chambermaid and I sily crack it,

She a little fortune's made, just by warming of
a bed,

So I think it not amiss, now & then to snatch
a kiss,

For you know I love Sally very well.

So hob nobbing as we chat, looking, loving,
and all that,

In our ears they're ever ringing such a peal:

Missus, maids, all bawling, drumming,

Tingling, jingling, I cries coming, &c.

*John, devil some biscuits and take 'em up to the An-
gel.—Tom, you take care of No. 21, shall take of
No. 1 myself.*

A snipe

A snipe there once was order'd, such an article we'd not,

Yet to disappoint a customer unwilling;

A plover was serv'd up, the gemman swore no bill 't had got;

Says I swallow it, I'll soon bring the bill in.

Thus I jokes, and gaily talk, while poor master jokes with chinks,

And jingling glasses drink, while I jingle in the chink.

Cod! he breaks, and I buy in, who can tell;

Sally Missus then is made, up to every servant's trade,

We are certain sure your honour's to do well;

Brisk and busy, no hum drumming,

Tingling, jingling, I cries coming, &c.

James take care of No. 4. and see that Sam Celler-Man sends up prick'd bottles, they're a shabby set, and we may never see them again.—Mrs. Napkin shew my Lord the Star and Garter, and Lawyer Lattitat to the Devil. He's going there himself, sir, he knows the way very well.



JACK RATLING.

JACK RATLIN was the ablest seaman,

None like him could hand, reef, or steer:

No dang'rous toil but he'd encounter,

With skill and in contempt of fear.

In fight like a lion: the battle ended,

Meek as the bleating lamb he'd prove;

Thus Jack had manners, courage, merit,

Yet he did fight, and all for love.

The song, the can, the flowing liquor,

For none of these had Jack regard,—

He, while his messmates were carousing.

High

High sitting on the pendant yard,
 Would think on the fair one's beauties,
 Swore never from such charms to rove;
 That truly he'd adore them living,
 And dying sigh—to end his love.

The same express the crew commanded
 Once more to view their native land,
 Amongst the rest, brought Jack some tidings—
 Wou'd it had been his love's fair hand!
 Oh fate! her death defac'd the letter;
 Instant his pulse forgot to move;
 With quiv'ring lips, and eyes uplifted,
 He heav'd a sigh—and dy'd for love.



HOLIDAY TIME.

Tune. *The Pyeman.*

OH! health and long life to you all,
 My masters and mistresses too;
 Once again I am here at your call,
 To say from my heart—How d'ye do?
 'Tis holladay time as you know
 And the coach pretty crouded I drive,
 But the best fare of all—gee oh;
 Is to see my old friends all alive.
Ri-um-ti-idity-um, &c.

Oh! could you but see what odd folks,
 I drive in my carriage and four;
 Why, truly in spite of all jokes,
 You'd laugh if you ne'er laugh'd before;
 For here is a poor little taylor,
 Squeaking out for more room pretty oft,
 And there with his girl sits a sailor,
 Who bundles poor stitch up aloft.
Ri-um-ti-idity-um, &c.

Now

Now here is old short-weight the baker,
 And here is a virgin from Wapping,
 Next to her sits a prim looking quaker,
 With Bobby the beau, fam'd for hopping
 Then there is a city apprentice,
 And likewise a gentleman's lacquey,
 With pull out, the great puffing dentist,
 And the milliner's man, master Jackey.

Ri-um-ti-idity-um, &c.

Then there is—Oh dear! how you squeeze
 With shambling Joey the sawyer—
 Little Snob, rather lame in his knees,
 With half of the devil the lawyer;
 But what are their callings to me?
 Or how they are cramm'd, so I drive oh!
 Yet I carry some queer ones you see,
 And in holliday time all alive, oh.

Ri-um-ti-idity-um, &c.



SUNG IN THE MOUNTAINEERS.

FAINT and wearily the way-worn traveller,
 Plods uncheerily, afraid to stop;
 Wand'ring drearily, a sad unraveller
 Of the mazes tow'd the mountain's top:
 Doubting, tearing, while his course he's steer-
 ing,
 Cottages appearing as he's nigh to drop;
 Oh! how briskly then the way-worn traveller
 Threads the mazes tow'rd the mountain's top!

Though so melancholy a day has pass'd by,
 'Twould be folly now to think on't more;
 Blithe and jolly he the cag holds fast by,
 As he's sittng at the goathard's door.
 Eating, quaffing, at past labours laughing,
 Better far, by half, in spirits than before;
 Oh!

Oh! how merry then the rested traveller
Seems, while sitting at the goatherd's door.



NEPTUNE'S PROPHECY.

WHEN Neptune our isle from the deep had
survey'd,
Saw its base was a rock, and its cliffs bright
array'd;

That our oaks and our men had hearts fit for war
In strains thus prophetic he spoke from his car;

" Brave Albion to thee I give the wide sea,

" For thy bulwark, thy honour, and glory;

" By thy feats on the main thou shalt ever main-

" An empire immortal in story. [tain,

" 'Gainst thy commerce, possessions, and free-
dom divine,

" Thy foes will deep plot, and nations combine;

" But thy tars, all heroic, shall baffle each aim,

" And support o'er the ocean thy country's just
claim. " For Albion, &c.

" Batt'ring rafts, hulks, and ships, in hostile
array,

" Thy foes with proud menace will often display

" But while o'er the waves thy dread thunders
shall roll,

" Thy rights and thy laws they shall never con-
troul. " For Albion, &c.

This gift of Neptune we sacred will keep,
And reign his vicerents o'er all the wide deep
By freedom inspir'd, and valour's renown,
Our realm we'll defend, constitution & crown.

Then britons, since we

Find the rule of the sea

Our bulwark, our honour, and glory;

By

By our feats on the main
 Let us ever maintain
 An empire immortal in story.



THE COACHMAN.

'TWAS about ten o'clock when we first set
 out,
 And thro' London and St. George's fields made
 a rout; [ho!]
 There was no need to bawl out--Greenwich, a-
 For inside and out was well crammed, my boy:

*Ay, ay, we had them of all sorts and sizes, milli-
 ners and mantua-makers, shopmen, and 'prentices;
 ay, and two or three tailors with their customers' clothes
 on, all cramm'd in my*

Whip away, dash-along, hy, ge ho! &c.

My silk handkerchief gives all the girls delight,
 Which is ty'd in a bow round my squeezer so
 tight;
 And then at these times I sports every thing new;
 From the hat on my head, damme, down to my
 shoe.

*And then I'm the clev'rest whip going; 'twas but
 t' other day, turning sharp round the corner, I upset
 an old woman and her apple-stall; I loves fun, and
 blow me tight into a gin-shop if I wa'nt off before the
 old woman could say---Holo! stop that feller there,
 with his* Whip away, &c.

Now I've got to my journey's end as sound as
 a roach,
 I'll just run you o'er the contents of my coach:
 The first was a prude, with a visage quite tart,
 With her back to the horses, like a thief in a
 cart.

And

And it was--Lord! only look at that impudent creature, I dare be bound she a'nt seventeen, and yet she is ogling and leering at ev'ry fellow she meets; oh! fye, for shame; fye, for shame; what will this world come to. Come, come, Dina, says her brother, you forget when I found you behind the parlour door with the Captain - 'Pshaw! brother, accidents will happen sometimes, with my Whip away, &c.

A sailor, good-natur'd and brisk as a bee,
Making pleasant remarks on each object he see;
A Welchman, a Scot, and a vast number more,
And a Paddy from Cork, with his back 'gainst
the door.

Och! blood and nowns, says he, how cool it is now; I've pull'd up the windows to keep out the heat.—Arrah! fait, honey, and then we're surrounded on three sides with a cloud of dust, just like a party of foot soldiers on horseback; och! to be sure and it is very pretty fetching a walk in these

Whip away, &c.

But just as we got within sight of the town,
As the devil would have it, the coach it broke
down,
At this sad mishap all my guests look'd queer,
But none more than Tender a pretty little dear,

Damn ye, ye scoundrel, says he, why didn't you look to your coach before you came out? So I did, says I, you little pin-sticking son of a ———. You lie, damme, says he. Don't give me the lie, says I, or I shall be apt to give you a taste of my

—(O)—

NONG TONG PAW.

JOHN BULL for pastime took a prance,
Some time ago to peep at France,

To

To talk of sciences and arts,
 And knowledge gain'd in foreign parts;
 Monsieur obsequious, heard him speak,
 And answered him in Heathen Greek,
 To all he asked, 'bout all he saw,
 'Twas Monsieur je vous nen tends pas.

John to the Palace Royal came,
 Its splendour almost struck him dumb,
 I say, whose house is that there here?
 Hesse! je vous nen tends pas, Monsieur.
 What! Nong tong paw again cries John,
 This fellow is some mighty Don,
 No doubt has plenty for the maw,
 I'll breakfast with this Non tong paw.

John saw Versailles from Mark's height,
 And cry'd astonish'd at the sight,
 Whose fine estate is that there here?
 Stat! je vous nen tends pas, Monsieur,
 His! what the land and houses too?
 This fellow's richer than a Jew,
 On every thing he lays his claw,
 I should like to dine with Non tong paw.

Next tripping came a courtly fair,
 John cry'd, enchanted with her air,
 What lovely wench is that there here?
 Ventch! je vous nen tends pas, Monsieur.
 What, he again! upon my life,
 A palace, lands, and then a wife,
 Sir Joshua might delight to draw,
 I should like to sup with Non tong paw.

But hold, whose funeral's that cry'd John,
 Je vous nen tends pas; what, is he gone!
 Wealth, fame, and beauty, could not save
 Poor Non tong paw, then, from the grave:
 His race is run, his game is up,
 I'd with him breakfast, dine, and sup,

: But

But since he chuses to withdraw,
Good night t'ye, Monsieur Non tong paw.



A SCOTCH SONG.

And gin ye meet a bonny lassie,
Gie'er a kifs, and let her gae;
But if ye meet a dirty huffy,
Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.
Be sure you dinna quit the grip
Of ilka joy when ye are young,
Befare auld age your vitals nip,
And lay you twafauld o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blithe and heartsome time;
Then lads and lasses while 'tis May,
Gae pu' the gowan in its prime
Before it wither and decay.
Watch the fast minutes of delyte,
When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
And kisses, lving a' the wyte
On you if she keep ony skaith.

Haith ye're ill-bread, she'll smiling say,
Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook:
Syne fra your arms she'll rin away,
And hide herself in some dark nook.
Her laugh will lead you to the place
Where lies the happiness you want,
And plainly tell you to your face,
Nineteen nae says are half a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
And sweetly toolie for a kifs:
Upon her finger hoop a ring,
As taiken of a future blifs.
These bennifons, I'm very sure,
Are of the gods indulgent grant:

Then

Then surly arls, whisht, forbear.
To plague us with your whining cant.

—<O>—

JOLLY ROVING TAR.

I'M a jolly roving tar, searing neither wound
nor scar,

And many tortlish breezes have I seen :

When the grog is given out at a battle or a
boozing bout,

Tom never was the lubber to give in,
On shore (my hearts) or board a ship, good hu-
mour with me takes a trip;

'Tis yeo, yeo, yeo ! drink and kiss the lasses :

Drink away, that's your play !

Fal de ral, tal lal le ; drink and kiss the lasses.

Fitted out a cruiser tight, in a breeze I take
delight,

And fighting's my fair weather I allow ;

Just like new ones at a play, we tars have such
a taking way,

To always take the enemy in tow :

Fearing neither fin nor wing, at our guns we
gaily sing,

Yeo, yeo, yeo ! &c.

A'n't we built the main to rule ? In warm births
we take it cool ;

Swimming easy, rough and smooth, storm or
calm :

With our rhino freely part, help a mesmate
hand and heart ;

In friendship nought can cool us, we're so
warm,

On shore our jolly cargo's glee, and in the trough
of Neptune's sea

'Tis yeo, yeo, yeo ! &c.

That

That grog I love you know's my boast ; and was
I every heart to toast

That leads Britannia's crew to victory,
Make the sea grog their healths to quaff ; before
before that I could drink them half

I'm farten that the ocean would be dry.
So here goes that the world appals : " Old Eng-
land, and her wooden walls !"

Yeo, yeo, yeo ! drink, drink, and kiss the lasses.



SAM SPLICE'M.

SAM Splice'm d'ye mind me is one of those boys
Who from hazard or danger ne'er flinches ;
He as well can sail thro' the world's bustle and
noise

As any tight lad of his inches.
For Sam had a sweetheart and meant to be wed,
When a trifling accident knock'd up his plan ;
He found she had married another instead ;

Sam sigh'd but his courage pluck'd up like a
man :

" Let her go if she will, 'tis but folly to sorrow ;
" If a storm comes to-day why a calm comes to-
morrow.

" Let her go," &c.

Sam sail'd to the Indies, and safely came back,
After braving hard knocks and foul weather ;
Of rupees in his chest he had more than a lack,
And his heart was as light as a feather :
While himself with his treasure was hast'ning
ashore

A pressgang prevented his reaching the land ;
And his chest of rupees, why he never saw more,
For the rogues knew the cargo of what they'd
in hand ;

Yet

Yet it cost honest Sam little more than a sigh,
 "For," says he, "all this here will rub off when
 it's dry."

Sam once more return'd with his pocket well
 lin'd,

Yet his cloth was too shabby for wearing :
 So determin'd no more it should shake in the
 wind,

From a bumboat he purchas'd repairing ;
 Thus when Sam was new rigg'd, his trowsers
 despis'd

He threw into the sea, when a thought struck
 his nob ;

And sure no poor devil was e'er so surpris'd

When he found all his cash had been left in
 his fob :

Some folks would have cry'd but our Sam had
 more sense,

"For," says he, "'twill be all one a hundred
 years hence."

Sam was going again for fresh rhino to work,

When his uncle (a lucky wind falling)

Left Sam all his wealth for a terrible Turk

With old Davy for cash had no calling :

Then Sam, having gold, didn't long want a wife

And, what's better, his lass to her tailor
 proves true !

With his grog and his girl he floats easy thro'
 life,

And laughs at the troubles he formerly knew ;

"For," says Sam, "on this maxim you safe
 may depend,

When things come to the worst why they're
 fartin to mend."

LITTLE

LITTLE DANDY O.

O When I was a boy, and a pretty little boy,
 With my little curly head of hair so sandy O,
 All the damsels used to cry,
 What a funny rogue was I,
 And they christen'd me the pretty little dandy O

But when I older grew, and something better
 knew,

Than sucking lillipops, and sugar candy O,
 Lord! I pleas'd them night and day,
 And the damsels used to say—

Oh! the pretty little fellow is the dandy O.

O then to end the strife, Lord! I got a little wife
 With a pretty little waist so handy O,

 Aye, and then I got a lad,
 Just the picture of his dad,
 And they christen'd him the pretty little dandy O

Now spousy day and night, oh! she calls me her
 delight,

Her sugar sweet, and pretty Tristram Shandy O
 And then so sweet am I

 When I go to lullaby,
 That she swears I'm the pretty little dandy O.



♦ SAINT MONDAY.

Or the happy Cocker.

TWAS Monday morn the smiling day

 Came dancing from the east,

When Crispin, full of mirth and play,

 Set out with joy confest:

His awl and last were laid aside,

 To fuddle he set out;

On Monday it was Crispin's pride

 To push the quart about.

In

In vain it was that flippant Nell
 Her tongue did loudly rap,
 For that her noise he soon might quell,
 He show'd his *liffon sharp*;
 She knew the sign, had felt its smart,
 So made no further rout;
 But let him go with all her heart
 To push the quart about.

With jolly crafts he pass'd the day,
 And ply'd the skittle bowl;
 All work won't do without some play,
 St. Monday cheers the soul:
 From morn till night he drank and play'd,
 And sung with jovial heart—
 "Come brother Crispin (oft he said)
 "Let's push about the quart."

The sun departed to the west,
 And starry night came on,
 When fill'd with porter of the best,
 'Twas time now to be gone;
 He stagger'd home, and went to bed,
 No trouble in his heart;
 Yet in his dreams, this fill'd his head,
 "Let's push about the quart."



SONG

Sung by Mr. Jehannot, in Aben Hassan.

ZOUNDS! I cannot chuse but wonder
 How I came to be a king:
 Sure there is some curled blunder;
 But no matter I will sing,
 Zounds I cannot, &c.

Then, when I'm seated on my throne, fir,
 Should a slave give me the lie,

With

With a high and mighty tone, fir,
Take that fellow's head, fays I.

Oh! when I'm feated, &c.

Oh! I fhall have ladies plenty,
When I love to kifs and toy,
For tho' not turn'd of one and twenty,
Mam fays I'm a pretty boy,
Oh! I fhall, &c.



BRAVE HAL.

TUNE — “ *Tom Bowling.* ”

HERE, full of fcars, lies brave Hal Brazen,
For whom the corps has griev'd;
He'll ne'er ftand centry for this reafon,
By death he's now reliev'd:
A handfome hero he was counted,
And brave with all, 'tis faid:
The guard by him's no longer mounted,
He refts in honour's bed.

Hal never from his corps deferted,
He'd face a bowl or fword;
His regiment he oft diverted,
And Poll, his wife, ador'd,
How oft did he againft the foe march,
Purfuing all that fled;
Farewell his quick ftep, and his flow march,
He halts in honour's bed.

Yet Hal above fhall be promoted,
When his commander great,
T' advance the brave, the good, the noted,
Will give his orders ftrait:
To handle arms when word is given,
And trumpets call the dead,

Hal-

Hal, to be billeted in heaven,
Shall wake from honour's bed.



BILLY MOOR.

AN honest Tar, and fresh from sea,
With heart just where it ought to be,
Thus hail'd young Billy Moor :
"What cheer, my lad?—Misfortune's gale;
Hath torn I see thy tatter'd sail,
For thou art wreck'd and poor."

The simple boy his story true
Told with a blushing sweetness too,
Then heav'd an heart sick sigh!
But God is good, tho' man's unkind;
Fals on!—my sufferings never mind,
He soon will let me die!"

Jack's heart with manly feeling yearn'd:
More than his purse in pocket burn'd,
And that for once was cram'd;
First wip'd the spray from either eye—
"Die Mesmate!"—was the Tar's reply,
"If thou dost, I'll be d—."

"Bear up! I have thee safe in tow,
I'll hit thee straight to face the foe;
And cope with death, d'ye see!"
He had him rigg'd the next spring tide;
His locker full, and well supply'd,
Bore Billy moor to sea.

When there, the boy, with grateful heart,
Applauded, play'd his slated part,
And scorn'd to flinch, or run;
But oft would blest the happy day
That bore him from distress away.
To serve Jack Mizen's gun.

COME

SALLY'S WARE.

COME buy poor Sally's wooden ware,
 Who all for money barbers,
 My pins, my toys, my shoe-knots rare,
 My bodkins, lace, and garters;
 Full cheap my various goods I sell,
 Thro' village, street, or alley;
 In London, where I'm known full well,
 They call me pretty Sally.

Now thus from town to town I stray,
 Light hearted, free from sorrow,
 And when I eat my meal to-day,
 I care not for to-morrow:
 So ne'er again I'll London see,
 But range each hill and valley;
 Come buy a trifle, sir, of me,
 And think of little Sally.



THE HONEY MOON.

MAIDENS, wou'd you know with me,
 What is true felicity,
 Then no longer single stay,
 Marry, girls, without delay,
 Let the parson join your hands,
 Live and love in Hymen's bands:

Then you'll find both late and soon,
 All your lives a honey moon,
 A sweet, a tender honey moon.

Marriage, ladies, is a bliss,
 None, ah! none that's wife shou'd miss;
 But let caution be your guide,
 When you wish to be a bride:

Choose

Choose the lad, who scorning self,
Loves you only for yourself.

Then you'll find, &c.

Hymen may by fools be scoff'd,
But his chains are kind and soft :
For what joy can women trace,
Like a husband's fond embrace !
Haste then girls, at Hymen's call,
Marry, marry, one and all !

Then you'll find, &c.



MESSMATES AT SEA.

OLD Oakham, Mainbrace, honest Jack,
Mat Midship too was there ;
Who'd the compass-box, knew every tack,
And could hand, reef, and steer :
The glasses jingled, mirth went round,
We troll'd a merry glee ;
And while carousing on dry land,
To our messmates drank at sea.

Sall Spriggins who was there, d'ye mind,
(And she was all my pride,)
Said, while with tears her eyes were blind,
And we sat side by side :
Dear Jack, says she, my heart will break,
When you are far off from me ;
Lord, Sall, says I, a noggin take.
To our messmates out at sea.

A thousand other toasts we gave,
With mirth our cabins ring ;
May a Briton never be a slave—
The Navy—George our King.

At

At leagth from toping I ne'er shrink,
 It somehow seem'd to me,
 I could see the plainest when blind drunk,
 To my messmates drink at sea.

Love of our isle my heart commands,
 For Britons fame I burn ;
 Where native freedom pipes all hands,
 And itops from stem to stern :
 From death or glory I'll ne'er shrink,
 But douse life's colours free ;
 And while at anchor here I drink,
 To my messmates out at sea.



THE CHRONOLOGY OF FASHION.

WHEN Eve and Adam first were wed,
 On dress they threw no thought away,
 No fashions, like our great folks, led,
 Nor silks nor satins bought away ;
 Of petticoat, coat, hat, or wig,
 They never saw a particle,
 They wore a leaf nor car'd a fig,
 For any other article.

*Sing tol de rol, de riddle lol,
 Titum, titum, niddle tol,*

They wore a leaf, &c.

But fashion soon beat up recruits,
 New modes in haste came stalking in,
 For Nimrod wore a pair of boots,
 Tho' not like ours for walking in :
 When Charles the second bore the sway,
 They were a set of merry grigs,
 'Twas then the ton was dath away,
 In square toe'd pumps and perriwigs.

Sing tol de rol, &c.

Queen

Queen Bess no tippet wore, or muff,
 So fond of plaits and quillery,
 With pateeboard looking three-fold ruff,
 'Twas vastly like a pillory:
 The ladies too, of ancient fame,
 With waist so taper, long and small,
 Nor like our modern tasty dames,
 For now they wear no waist at all.

Sing tol de rol, &c.

Yet fashion guides the hand of art,
 Gives commerce circulation too,
 To poverty can wealth impart,
 And spur to emulation too:
 So may our high born, beauteous fair,
 In whatever mode they dress them all,
 Great Briton's produce ever wear,
 And then the poor shall bless them all.

Sing tol de rol, &c.



FEMALE AUCTIONEER.

WELL, here I am, and what of that?
 Methinks I hear you cry;
 Why, I am come, and that is pat,
 To sell, if you will buy
 A Female Auctioneer I stand
 Yet, not to seek for pelf,
 Ah! no! the lot I have in hand,
 Is now to sell myself!
 And I'm going, going, going, going!
 Who bids for me?

Ye Batchelors, I look at you;
 And pray don't deem me rude;
 Nor rate me either scold or shrew;
 A coquet or a prude:

My

My heart and hand I offer fair,
 And shou'd you buy the lot,
 I swear I'll make you e'er my care,
 When Hymen ties the knot.
 And I'm going, going, going, going!
 Who bids for me?

Tho' some may deem me pert or so,
 Who deal in idle strife;
 Pray, where's the girl, I wish to know,
 Wou'd not become a wife?
 At least, I own, I really wou'd,
 In spite of all alarms;
 Dear Bachelors, now be so good,
 Do take me to your arms;
 For I'm going, going, going, going!
 Who bids for me?

—♦—
 SONG.

*Sung by Mr. Banister, junr. in the Children in the
 Wood.*

THERE was Dothery Dump, who would mut-
 ter and mump,
 And cry "My dear Valter, heigho!"
 But no step she could take, would my constancy
 shake—
 For she had a timber toe.

There was Rebecca Role, with her aqueline nose
 Who cried, "for you Walter I die,"
 But I laugh'd at each glance, she threw at me
 askance,
 For she had a gimblet eye.

There was Tabitha Twist, had a mind to be
 kiss'd,
 And made on my heart an attack;

But

But her love I derided—for she was lopsided,
And cursedly warp'd in the back.

There was Barbara Brian, who always was crying,

“Dear youth put an end to my woes,”
But to save in her head all the tears that are shed,

Nature gave her a bottle.



MY MOTHER GOT MARRIED.

MY mother got married, my father got me,
I grew up and got loving of Moggy,
My daddy got angry, and sent me to sea,
And poor I for vexation got groggy.
The voyage got finish'd, and I like a flat,
All the money I got daily carried
To Moggy, what then? I got nothing by that,
For she like a slut had got married.

I once got her promise to wed, to the law
For my money soon got an employer;
I got plenty of promises, latin and jaw,
And whoever got more from a lawyer?
Of the sport I got sick, and soon threw up the
game,
For my cash by the sharks had got eaten,
Got into the Nile, and with Nelson got fame,
While the French got most damnably beaten.

So now I've got honour and glory, and gold,
To some true-hearted girl I'll be steering,
I've got one in my eye, and you needn't be told
This here stuff (*shews her purse*) will soon get
me a hearing.

Then with shot in a locker, a wife and a cot,
Tobacco, grog, sloop, and no purser,
I'll sit down contented with what I have got,
And may each honest tar do no worser.

BEN.

SONGS IN BLUE-BEARD.

DUET.

Selim & Fatima.

Selim. Twilight glimmers o'er the sleep,
 Fatima! Fatima! wakest thou dear?
 Grey ey'd morn begins to peep:
 Fatima! Fatima! Selim's here,
 Here are true-love's cords attaching,
 To your window—Lift! Lift!

Fati. Dearest Selim I've been watching;
 Yes I see the filken twist.

Selim. Down, down, down, down, down!
 Down the ladder gently trip;
 Pit a pat, pit a pat, haste thee dear,

Fati. O! I'm sure my foot will slip!

Selim. Fatima,

Fati. Well Selim,

Selim. Do not fear,

Both. Pit a pat, pit a pat, pit a pat,
 Pit a pat, pit a pat, pit a pat.

—O—

SONG.—BEDA.

HIS sparkling eyes were back as jet,
 Chica, chica, chica, cho.

Can I my lovely Turk forget?

Oh! never, never, never, no!

Did he not watch till night did fall,
 And sail in silence on the sea;

Did he not climb our sea-grit wall,
 To talk so lovingly to me?

Oh! his sparkling eyes, &c.

C

His

His lips were of the coral hue,
~~His~~ teeth of ivory so white,
 But ~~he~~ was hurled from my view,
 Who gave to me so much delight !
 And why should tender lovers part,
 And why should fathers cruel be,
 Why did he banish from my heart,
 A heart so full of love for me,

Oh ! his sparkling eyes, &c.

SONG—FATIMA.

While pensive, I thought on my love,
 The moon, on the mountains was bright ;
 And Philomel, down in the grove,
 Broke sweetly the silence of night.

O, I wish'd that the dear drop would flow !
 But I felt too much anguish to weep ;
 'Till morn, with the weight of my woe,
 I sunk on my pillow to sleep.

Methought that my love as I lay,
 His ringlets all clotted with gore,
 In the paleness of death seem'd to say,
 " Alas ! we must never meet more.

" Yes, yes ! my beloved ! we must part,
 " The steel of my rival was true ;
 " The assassin has struck on that heart.
 " Which beat with such fervour for you."

SONG—SHACABAC.

A fond husband will, after a conjugal strife,
Kiss, forgive, weep, and fall on the neck of his
 wife,

But

But Abomelique's wife other conduct may dread
When he falls on her neck, 'tis to cut off her
head.

How many there are when the wife plays the
fool,
Will argue the point with her, calmly and cool ;
The Bashaw, who don't relish debates of this
sort,
Cuts the women as well as the argument short.

But whatever her errors 'tis mighty unfair,
To cut off the head just as if 'twere all hair ;
For, this truth is maintain'd by philolophers still
That the hair grows again but the head never
will.

And among all the basest sure he is most base,
Who can view then demolish'd a woman's sweet
face ?

Her charms might the malice of devils disarm,
And the devil take him who would offer her arm



SONG—IRENE.

Moving to the melody of music's note,
Observe the turkish fair advance,
Lightly as the gessamin she seems to fleet,
Through the mazes of the dance,
Sporting is the measure,
Thrilling is the pleasure,
While in merry glee the sexes join ;
Deeper blushing roses
Every cheek discloses
Eyes with lustre shine.

Moving to the melody, &c.

When the lover takes her glowing hand, With

With manly grace and ease,
 Can the dancing female then withstand
 The gentle squeeze?
 No—she gives him then
 So languishing a glance,
 Grown tender, soft, and melting with
 the dance.
 Cupid, cupid—god of hearts,
 Dancing sharpens all your darts!

Moving to the melody, &c.

SONG—IBRAHIM.

MAJOR DOMO am I
 Of this grand family,
 My word thro' the castle prevails,
 I'm appointed the head,
 That must keep up the dread,
 And the pomp of my son-in-law's tail,

I strut as fine as any Mecaw,
 I'll change for down my bed of straw,
 On perquisites I lay my paw,
 I pour wine sily down my maw,
 I stuff good victuals in my craw;
 'Tis a very fine thing to be father-in-law
 To a very magnificent three-tail'd Bashaw!

The slaves black and white,
 Of each sex own my right,
 I command full three hundred and ten;
 The females I'll kiss,
 But it won't be amiss
 To fright them with thumping the men.

I strut as fine, &c.

At the head of affairs,

Turn

Turn me out, then, who dares?
 Let them prove the head pilfers and steals:
 No three-tail'd Bathaw,
 Kicks his father-in-law,
 And makes his head take to his heels,
 I strut as fine, &c.



SONG—SHACABAC AND BEDA.

Yes Beda, thus Beda, when I melancholy grew
 This sinking heart tinkling, soon did drive away
 When hearing, sounds charming, then I blithe
 and jolly grew,
 How do you while to your Shacabac I play,
 Tink tink a tink a tink my sweet guitar shall
 cheer you,
 Clink clink a clink a clink, so gaily let us sing,
 Tink tink a tink a tink what pleasure 'tis to hear
 you,
 While so neatly you so sweetly, sweetly touch
 the string.

Once fighting, sick dying, sorrow hanging over
 me,
 Faint weary, sad dreary, on the ground I lay,
 There mourning, deep groaning Beda did dis-
 cover me,
 Strange soothing, care smoothing, I began to play
 Tink tink a tink, &c.



BEN BOWSPRIT.

Sung by Mr. Johannat, at Astley's Amphitheatre.

BEN Bowspriit I am, and a true jolly boy,
 Pull away, pull away so funny,
 I was always the first for to pipe hands a-hoy,
 When

When the signal was out to be funny :
 I could weather all seas like a true jolly dog,
 With the best he that ever went a hopping
 But the ocean I like is the ocean of grog,
 Pull away, pull away, pull I say—
 What d'ye think of Ben Bowsprit of Wapping ?

My grandfather bulg'd with a freighting of flip,
 Pull away, pull away, so frisky,
 Old Davy contriv'd my dad's cable to slip,
 One day over laden with whisky :
 Then my wife's christian name, it was brandy-
 fac'd Nan,
 'Twas gin to old Nick sent her hopping ;
 So the family's cause I keep up while I can,
 Pull away, pull away, pull I say—
 What d'ye think of Ben Bowsprit of Wapping ?

Avaft, now, don't think that I'd launch out a lie
 Pull away, pull away, so groggy,
 Don't you see in the service I've bung'd up one
 eye,
 And t'other eye grows rather foggy,
 Then to stand on I've scarcely a leg left behind,
 And should death t'other day-light be stopp-
 ing ;
 Why the worst you can say, is—He's drunk till
 he's dead,
 Pull away, pull away, pull I say,
 What d'ye think of Ben Bowsprit of Wapping ?



A JOLLY & TRUE HEARTED FELLOW.
 WITH my pipe in one hand, and my jug in
 the other,
 I drink to my neighbours and friend,
 All my care in a whiff of tobacco I smother,
 For life I know shortly must end ;

For

For whilst Ceres most kindly refills my brown
jug,

With good liquor I'll make myself mellow,
In an old wicker chair I'll seat myself snug,
Like a jolly and true hearted fellow.

I'll ne'er trouble my head with the cares of the
nation,

I've enough of my own for to mind,
For the cares of this life are but grief and vex
ation,

To death we must all be consign'd ;

Then I'll laugh, drink, and smooke, and leave
nothing to pay,

But drop like a pear that is mellow,
And when cold in my coffin I'll leave them to
say,

He's gone, what a hearty good fellow !



THE GIPSEY HAT.

I SIGH for a maid, and a sweet pretty-maid,
And bonny Susanna's her name ;
Then well do I know, by my heart's panting so,
The poor little thing's in a flame,
For it throbs, throbs, throbs, and it beats, beats,
beats,

Goes pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pat ;
O sure its the case, I'm in love with the face
All under the Gipsy Hat.

That she's kind as she's fair, I freely declare,
So none can my candour reprove ;
But then what I rue, (and believe me 'tis true),
Is, hang it, for being in love !
For my heart throbs, throbs, and it beats, beats,
beats,

Goes

Goes pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pat;
 And ah, I'm afraid, for the face of the maid
 All under the Gipsy Hat.

That I've said all my life, I'd ne'er take a wife,
 And look'd on all plagues, that the worst,
 I own—for my heart was then free from all smart
 But now—Oh I think it will burst!
 For it throbs, throbs, throbs, and it beats,
 beats, beats,

Goes pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pat;
 And ah, must I tell?—For the face of the girl,
 All under the Gipsy Hat.



HEARTY TOM BROWN.

THE deuce take the cards, for they give to me
 the gripes,
 Come landlord bring more liquors, some tobac-
 co, and some pipes.

CHORUS.

Here's to thee, Tom Brown, and to you my
 jovial souls,
 And to you with all my heart, and with you I'll
 drink a quart,
 And with you I will spend a pot, before that
 e'er we part.

Here's to thee Tom Brown, &c.

The king will beat the queen. and the queen
 will beat the knave,
 And we are all good company, more liquor we
 will have.

Here's to thee Tom Brown, &c.

The

The knave will beat the ten, and the ten will
beat the nine,
And we are all good company, we will drink,
till we're almost blind.

Here's to thee Tom Brown, &c.

The nine will beat the eight, and the eight
will beat the seven,
And we are all good company, we will drink
while it's eleven.

Here's to thee Tom Brown, &c.

The seven will beat the six, and the six will
beat the five,
And we are all good company, we will drink
while we are alive,

Here's to thee Tom Brown, &c.

The five will beat the four, and the four will
beat the three,
And we are all good company, we will drink
till break of day,

Here's to thee Tom Brown, &c.

The three will beat the two, and the ace will
beat them all,
And we are all good company upon my life and
foul.

Here's to thee Tom Brown, &c.



THE SPORTSMAN.

Sung by Mr. Penfon, in Of Age To-Morrow.

WHEN my very first day, to the field I had got,
I discover'd gerat natural parts as a shot,

My

My spaniel had put up a snipe from a bog,
I mis'd it I own, but I brought down the dog.

Down derry down.

So keen my first hunt. I brush'd over the grounds,
I decidedly distanced the fox and the hounds,
And I leap'd my first hedge with so earnest a
mind,

That I left a fine gelding I rode on behind.

Derry down derry

But time and experience have rendered me cool
And I counsel young sportsmen to think of this
rule;

When you go out a shooting, don't shoot your
dog dead,

And in riding a horse don't fly over his head.

Derry down derry.

Now hear an old Jockey his passion impart,
At your person I aim;—and I'd fain hit your
heart;

And, for your estate, tho' with rapture I view it,
As affording good sport,—yet I'll never run
through it.

Down derry down.



LOGIE OF BUCHAN.

O Logie of Buchan, O Logie the laird,
They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie that delv'd in the
yard!

Who play'd on the pipe, wi' the viol sae sma',
They ha'e taen awa' Jamie the flow'r o' them a'
He said, think na lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa':
For the summer is coming, cauld winter's awa,
And I'll come and see thee, in spite 'o them a'.

Sandy

Sandy has ousen, has gear, and has kye;
 A house, and a hadden, and filler forby;
 But I'd tak' my ain lad, wi' his staff in his hand,
 Before I'd ha'e him, wi' his houses and land.

He said, think nae lang lassie, &c.

My daddy looks sulky, my minny looks sour;
 They frown upon Jamie, because he is poor:
 Tho' I lo'e them as well as a daughter should do,
 They are nae ha'f sae dear to me, Jamie, as you
 He said, think nae lang lassie, &c.

I sit on my creepie, and spin on my wheel,
 And think on the laddie that lo'ed me so weel;
 He had but a' saxpence, he brak it in twa,
 And he gied me the ha'f on't when he gaed awa

Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide nae awa.
 Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide nae awa.
 Simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa,
 And ye'll come and see me, in spite o' them a'.



THE STREAMLET.

Sung by Mr. Ingleton.

THE streamlet that flow'd round her cot,
 All the charms of my Emily knew;
 How oft' has its course been forgot,
 While it paul'd her dear image to woo.
 Believe me, the fond silver tide
 Knew from whence it deriv'd the fair prize,
 For, silently swelling with pride,
 It reflected her back to the skies.



SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.
 WILLIE Wastle dwalt on Tweed,

The

The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie,
 Willie was a wabster gude,
 Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie;
 He had a wife was dour and din,
 O Tinkler Madgie was her mither;

*Sic a wife has Willie had,
 I wa'd na gie a button for her,*

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
 The cat has twa the very colour;
 Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;
 A whiskin beard about her mou,
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither;

Sic a wife, &c.

She's bow-haugh'd, she's bein shinn'd,
 Ae limp in leg a hand breed shorter;
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
 To balance fair in ilka quarter;
 She has a hump upon her breast,
 The twin o' that upon her shoulder;

Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baudrans by the ingle fits,
 An' wi' her loof her face a washin;
 But Willie's wife is nae fae trig,
 She dights her gunzie wi' a hushion;
 Her Wale nieves like midden-creels,
 Her face wad fyle the logan water.

Sic a wife, &c.

—40—

THE SIGNAL GIVEN.

Tune—"Old Towler."

THE signal's giv'n, all hands prepared,

And

And ready for to sail,
 Our girls are loath with us to part,
 With us a favoring gale,
 Their looks they seem wild with despair,
 To think with us to part;
 When we prepare to go abroad,
 It cuts them to the heart.

CHORUS.

*Then heave yo, heave yo,
 Jack sings heave yo, heave yo,
 He breaves the dangers of the main,
 And still sings yo heave ho.*

Why starts the tear from that bright eye,
 Alas! why does it fall,
 My dearest girl forbear to sigh,
 My country does me call,
 There is one that reigns above,
 Will guard my love, I know,
 While I am sailing on the main,
 Or fighting the proud foe.

Then heave ho, &c.

There is no prevailing, Jack replies,
 Our anchor it is weighed,
 So stop your tears, dry up your eyes,
 Orders must be obeyed;
 If fortune should upon me smile,
 If e'er I should return
 Unto Old England's favor'd isle,
 I'll think on thee, my girl.

Then heave ho, &c.

Now providence ordain'd it so,
 The orders were to sail,
 The lasses on the beach they stand,
 With us a pleasant gale;

From

From tears they scarcely can refrain,
 Their hearts with grief are torn,
 And as the ship glides the sea
 With us a safe return.

Then heave ho, &c.

—(40)—

AFFECTIONATE SOLDIER; or,

ALLEN and SALLY.

'T WAS in the ev'ning of a wintry day,
 When, safe returning from a long campaign,
 Allen, o'ertired and weary with the way,
 Came home to see his Sally once again.

His battered arms he carelessly threw down,
 And view'd his Sally with enraptur'd eyes;
 But she receiv'd him with a modest frown:
 She knew not Allen in his rough disguise.

His hair was knotted, and his beard unshorn;
 His tatter'd 'coutrements about him hung;
 A tear of pleasure did his cheeks adorn,
 And blessings fell in torrents from his tongue.

Am I so alter'd, by this cruel trade,
 That you your faithful Allen have forgot?
 Or has your heart unto some other stray'd?
 Ah! why did I escape the murd'ring shot?

When this she heard, her wonted colour fled,
 She ran, and sunk upon her Allen's breast,
 All pale, a while she look'd like one that's dead,
 He kiss'd, she breath'd and all her love
 confess'd.

Oh! my delight though alter'd as thou art,
 Reduc'd by honest courage to this strait,
 Thou

Thou art the golden treasure of my heart,
My long-lost husband, and my with'd-for mate!



THE CHARMING FELLOW.

Sung in the Agreeable Surprise.

BY MRS. WILLS.

LORD, what care I for mam or dad?
Why let 'em scold and bellow :
For while I live I'll love my lad,
He's such a charming fellow.

The last fair day, on yonder green,
The youth he danc'd so well O ;
So spruce a lad was never seen,
As my sweet charming fellow.

The fair was over—night was come,
The lad was somewhat mellow ;
Says he, my dear, I'll see you home ;
I thank'd the charming fellow.

We trudg'd along—the moon shone bright,
Says he, my sweetest Nell O,
I'll kiss you here by this good light :
Lord, what a charming fellow !

You rogue, says I, you've stopt my breath :
Ye bells, ring out my knell-O :
Again I'd die so sweet a death,
With such a charming fellow.



HE PIP'D SO SWEET.

WITH rural lads and lasses gay
Proclaim'd the birth of rosy May,

When

When round the May-pole on the green
 The rustic dancers they are seen ;
 'Twas there young Jockey met my view,
 His like before I never knew.
 He pip'd so sweet and danc'd so gay,
 Alas ! he danc'd my heart away ;

CHORUS.

*He pip'd so sweet and danc'd so gay
 Alas ! he stole my heart away.*

At eve when ale and cakes went round,
 He plac'd him next me on the ground ;
 With harmless mirth and pleasing jest,
 He shone more bright than all the rest :
 He talk'd of love, and press'd my hand,
 Ah ! who could such a youth withstand ?
 Well pleas'd I heard what he cou'd say,
 Alas ! he talk'd my heart away.

He pip'd, &c.

He often heav'd a tender sigh.
 While rapture sparkled in each eye ;
 So winning was his face and air,
 He might the coldest heart ensnare ;
 But when he ask'd me for his bride,
 I promis'd soon—and soon comply'd ;
 What nymph on earth cou'd say him nay ?
 His charms must steal all hearts away.

He pip'd, &c.



SCOTCH SONG.

THERE's naught but care on ev'ry han',
 In ev'ry hour that passes O ;

What

What signifies the life o' man,
An 'twere not for the lasses O?

*Green grow the rushes O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent among the lasses O!*

The washy race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them O!
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them O.

Green grow, &c.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie O,
An' warly cares, and warly men,
May a' gae tapsel' teerie O!

Green grow, &c.

For you, fae douse! ye sneer at this,
Ye're naught but senseless asses O!
The wisest man the warl' ere saw,
He nearly lov'd the lasses O!

Green grow, &c.

And nature swears, the lovely dears,
Her noblest work she classes O!
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses O!

Green grow, &c.



SWEET POLL OF PLYMOUTH.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in the Positive Man.

SWEET Poll of Plymouth was my dear,
When forc'd from her to go,

Adown

Adown her cheeks ran many a tear :
My heart was fraught with woe.

Our anchor weigh'd, for sea we stood,
The land we left behind ;
Her tears then swell'd the briny flood,
My sighs increas'd the wind.

We plow'd the deep, and now between
Us lay the ocean wide ;
For five long years I had not seen
My sweet, my bonny bride.

That time I sail'd the world around,
All for my true-loves sake ;
But press'd as we were homeward bound,
I thought my heart would break.

The press-gang bold I ask'd in vain
To let me once on shore :
I long to see my Poll again,
But saw my Poll no more.

And have they torn my love away ?
And is he gone ? she cry'd :
My Polly, sweetest flow'r in May,
She languish'd, droop'd and dy'd.



HIGH METTLED RACER.

SEE the course throng'd with gazers, the sports
are begun—
The confusion but here, " I bet you, sir—done,
done !"
Ten thousand strange murmurs resounded far
and near—
Lords, hawkers and jockies assail'd the tir'd
ear :

Whilst,

Whilst, with neck like a rainbow, cresting his
 crest—
 Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head
 touching his breast;
 Scarcely fanning the air, he's so proud and
 elate,
 The high mettled racer first starts for the plate.

Now reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and
 ditch rush,
 Dogs, horses and huntsmen, all hard at his
 brush;
 Thro' marsh, fen and bryar, led by their fly
 prey,
 They by scent and by view cheat a long tedious
 way;
 While alike born for sports of the field and the
 course,
 Always sure to come thro'—a staunch and fleet
 horse:
 When fairly run down the fox yields up his
 breath,
 The high-mettled racer is in at the death.

Grown aged, is up—and turn'd out of the stud
 lame, spavin'd and wind-gall'd, but yet with
 some blood;
 While knowing postillions the pedigree trace,
 Tell his dam won this sweepstakes—his fire
 gain'd that race:
 And what matches he won too, the hostlers
 o'er
 As they loiter their time at some hedge ale-
 house door;
 While the harness fore galls, and the spurs his
 sides goad,
 The high mettled racer's a hack on the road.

Till

Till at last, having labour'd, drudg'd early and
late,
Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his
fate;
Blind, old, lame and feeble, he tugs round a
mill,
Or draws sand till the sand of his hour glass
stands still;
And now cold and lifeless exposed to the view,
In the very same cart which he yesterday drew:
While a pitying crow'd his sad relics surrounds,
The high-mettled racer is sold to the hounds.



MEN, WHAT SILLY THINGS YE ARE.

OH! men, what silly things are ye,
To women thus to humble,
Who, fowler like, but spreads the snare,
Or at the timid game takes aim,
Pop, pop, and down ye tumble.

She marks you down, fly where you will,
To hedge, or grass, or stubble;
Can wing you, feather you, or kill,
Just as she takes the trouble.

Then fly not from us, 'tis in vain,
We know the art of setting,
As well as shooting—and can chain
The shyest man our net it:



LOUISA.—A RANDO.

*Sung by Master Grey, at Vauxhall, the music by Mr.
Carter, written by Mr. Upton.*

SAY Louisa, canst thou leave me,
Would'st

Would'st thou play the tyrant's part ?
 Tho' the world may frown and grieve me,
 Only you can *break my heart*.

Think how long we've known each other,
Love from *childhood* with us grew ;
 Canst thou then the passion smother ?
 Must it meet its death from you ?

Say Louisa, &c

Give not way to form or fashion,
Frowns may drive me to despair ;
Love like *mine* should meet compassion,
 Be as kind as thou art fair.

Say, Louisa, &c.



WHILE I HANG ON YOUR BOSOM.

Sung by Miss Decamp in, Of Age To-morrow.

WHILE I hang on your bosom, distracted to
 lose you,

High swells my sad heart, and fast my tears
 flow,

Yet think not of coldness they fall to accuse you,
 Did I ever upbraid you? Oh! no, my love,
 no!

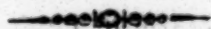
I own it wou'd please me, at home could you
 tarry,

Nor e'er feel a wish from Maria to go,
 But if it gives pleasure to you, my dear Harry,
 Shall I blame your departure? Oh! no, my
 love, no!

Now do not, dear Hal, while abroad you are
 straying,

That heart, which is mine, on a rival bestow ;
 Nay, banish that frown, such displeasure be-
 traying; Do

Do you think I suspect you? Oh! no, my
 love, no!
 I believe you too kind for one moment to grieve
 me,
 Or plant in a heart which adores you, such woe;
 Yet should you dishonour my truth, and deceive
 me,
 Should I e'er cease to love you? Oh! no, my
 love, no!



*After the second verse of the song in the 14th page,
 read this following for the third.*

Gadzooks! I'll never marry,
 I'm a lad that's bold and free;
 Yet I love a pretty girl,
 A pretty girl is fond of me.

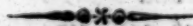


INDEX

<i>ADIEU, adieu, my only life</i>	24
<i>As Neptune in his coral bow'r</i>	19
<i>At the very best of houses where the best of people dine</i>	26
<i>An' gin ye meet a bonny lassie</i>	35
<i>An honest tar and fresh from sea</i>	42
<i>A fond husband will after a conjugal strife</i>	50
<i>Ben Bowspirit am I, and a true jolly boy</i>	53
<i>Come hasten my hearties to true loyal Ned</i>	5
<i>Come buy poor Sally's wooden ware</i>	43
<i>Faint and wearily the way worn traveller</i>	30
<i>For London is like a mill going round</i>	11
<i>Here, full of scars, lies brave Hal Brazen</i>	41
<i>His sparkling eyes as black as jet</i>	49
<i>In the midst of the sea like a tower man of war</i>	10
<i>I'm dashing Dick the dustman</i>	12
<i>It was Landlady Meg who made such rare fish</i>	8
<i>I'm a jolly rowing tar, fearing neither wound nor scar</i>	36
<i>It was Murphy Delany so funny and friskier</i>	25
<i>I figh'd for a maid and a sweet pretty maid</i>	55
<i>Jack Ratling was the ablest seamen</i>	23
<i>John Bull for pastime took a prance</i>	33
<i>Lord what care I for mam or dad</i>	37
<i>Major Domo am I</i>	52
<i>Moving to the melody of music's note</i>	51
<i>Maiden's would you know with me</i>	43
<i>O'er the gloomy woods resounding</i>	23
<i>O when I was a boy and a pretty little boy</i>	39
<i>Old Oakham, Mainbrace, honest Jack</i>	44
<i>Oh! health and long life to you all</i>	29
<i>O Logie of Buchan, O Logie the Laird</i>	58
<i>Oh! men, what silly things ye are</i>	68

Sam

<i>Sam Splice'm d'ye mind me was one of those boys</i>	37
<i>Sweet Poll of Plymouth was my dear</i>	65
<i>See the course throng'd with gazers, the sports &c.</i>	66
<i>Say, Louisa, canst thou leave me</i>	68
<i>There was Dorothy Dump</i>	47
<i>The Striamlet</i>	59
<i>The duce take the cards</i>	56
<i>The signal's gave, all hands prepared</i>	60
<i>There's naught but care on e'ery han'</i>	64
<i>'Twas on Monday morn the smiling day</i>	39
<i>'Twas about ten o'clock when we first set out</i>	32
<i>'Twas in the evening of a wintry day</i>	62
<i>Twilight glimmers o'er the deep</i>	49
<i>We tars are all for fun and glee</i>	7
<i>Well here I am and what of that</i>	46
<i>When my very first day to the field I had got</i>	57
<i>When Eve and Adam first were wed</i>	45
<i>While penfive I thought on my love</i>	50
<i>When I liv'd with my granum</i>	17
<i>When dry first a droll little creature</i>	16
<i>When I was a youngster and first was apprentic'd</i>	28
<i>When Neptune our isle from the deep</i>	31
<i>Why what's that to you if my eyes I'm a wiping</i>	21
<i>Why fair maid in ev'ry feature</i>	22
<i>When I've money I am merry</i>	14
<i>With my pipe in one hand and my jug in the other</i>	54
<i>With rural lads and lasses gay</i>	63
<i>While I hang on your bosom distracted to lose you</i>	69
<i>You may sing of your waggoners, ploughboys, &c.</i>	17
<i>Ye gentlemen of England who live at home at ease</i>	15
<i>Yes Bada, thou Bada, when melancholy grew</i>	53
<i>Zounds! I cannot chuse but wonder</i>	40



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37
65
c. 66
68
47
59
56
60
64
39
32
62
49
7
46
57
45
50
17
16
1 28
31
21
22
14
54
63
69
17
15
53
40